

PRIOR TWO PENON.

CLARENCE AND N. E. S. N. COMPANY'S steamship SUSANNAH CUTHBERT, for GRAFTON, TO-MORROW, at 8 p.m.
C. WISEMAN, Manager.
 Office—Commercial Wharf.

The ship RICHARD BUSTEED, 1000 tons, A. F. Knowles, commander, will have immediate dispatch from Newcastle, and has room for a limited number of steering passengers only.

For all particulars apply to LAIDLEY, IRELAND, and CO., Lloyd's-chambers.

PHILIP B. WALKER, Esq.
JAMES LAIDLAY, Esq.
Hon. WILLIAM BYRNES, Esq., M.L.
JOHN RUSSELL, Esq.

THE OLD HOUSE in Park-street will be ILLUMINATED on MONDAY NIGHT.

TO BUILDERS.—TENDERS received until **F**
DAY, 7th February, for repairs required to premises
at Newtown. **F. H. REUSS**, Architect, 134, Pitt-
street.

THE GERMAN ADDRESS TO H.R.H., **duke of**
G. A. Korsch, Esq., will be exhibited at
bridge-street.

of this Institution will be resumed on TUESDAY
January 28. A few Vacancies on the Board.
JOSEPH H. FLETCHER
**PRESENTATION TO THE DUKE OF
BURGH.**—The Protestant Sabbath School of
Freeport to the Prince may be seen at the Biltmore
TO-MORROW and WEDNESDAY.

THE LAND

(From the Sydney Mail, January 26.)
 "It is an ill wind that blows no good." The rain that has thrown a gloom over the festivities connected with the reception of the Prince is salvation to the country. This consideration, in fact, helped the crowds of people which thronged Sydney on Tuesday and Wednesday, to endure the rain with equanimity. The reports from all parts of the colony are encouraging, and transactions in stock are much more active than they were. Judging from certain signs, stockmasters to the south-west are predicting an early winter, and are rejoicing in the prospect. Grass and fat stock seem to be pretty abundant, and the process of boiling down is proceeding in many different directions, and yielding fair returns.

Some figures gathered from the *Agricultural Gazette*, concerning the wool trade of the mother country, will be looked at with interest at the present time. In the year 1866 the quantity of home grown wool was 155,000,000 pounds, 8,000,000 pounds of which were exported, and 147,000,000 used in British manufactures. In the same year the quantity of foreign wool imported was 225,000,000 pounds; out of that 82,000,000 pounds were exported in the raw state, and 143,000,000 used. It seems that the value of woollens, or manufactured products of the year, amounted to £70,000,000, £28,000,000 worth being expended, and £42,000,000 used at home. This home consumption shows a sum of £1 7s. 5d. against each person. Thirty years ago, this journal remarks, it was not more than one-half of that amount. The statistics of 1866 show 29,390,000 sheep in the British Isles. The average weight of British fleece is estimated at 5 pounds; it is clear that 155,000,000 pounds of wool would be the product of the year, while the worth of it would, at present prices, be about £10,000,000. A few years ago, as an authority on this subject observes, this wool would have brought fully fourteen millions sterling, and that the reduction is due to the imports received from the colonies. In 1830, for instance, the colonies sent 800 bales; but in 1866 they sent 500,000 bales, valued at 10 millions of money. It is very clear, then, that the farmers of England have as much reason to demand protection against colonial wool as colonial cloth manufacturers have to demand protection against British woollens. We shall do better to give and take than to attempt to play a game which we can so easily be turned against us. A far better method of encouraging native industry in its early stages is by means of bonuses to manufacturers than by means of a protective duty upon foreign goods.

It appears to be accepted in England as a fact that good mutton is not to be found in Australia. "Good mutton cannot at present be sent from Australia, because it does not exist there." It is granted that we can send beef; but our sheep are bred for wool and tallow, and, therefore, it is of no use looking for mutton. "Hitherto, in Australia," says the same authority in the *Times*, "there has been no market for mutton, and consequently no good mutton is produced there. Let us buy and eat up all good beef they can send us, and Australia will soon learn to produce and send us mutton of corresponding quality." Our readers, who are in the habit of considering that they are accustomed to dine off good mutton three days a week, will probably demur to this observation. Nevertheless there is considerable truth in it, and provided the freezing process can be carried out, and the demand of England be felt here, it will become our duty to see whether in certain districts it will not pay better to breed the Southdown, or to procure some effective cross with the Cotswold rather than the modern "keeper" bred in England has learned to combine in one animal good mutton and good wool (nothing like the fine staple of these colonies, but still good), and to a certain extent should the new freezing process prove successful, we must hereafter expect.

We learn from the English papers that the surplus stock of wheat in Europe is likely to sustain an exhaustive demand during the present winter. France, for herself and Algeria, Norway and Sweden, both suffering from deficient crops, are also extensive buyers in the same market, where England, on behalf of her manufacturing millions, meets them. In England bread riots had broken out; in France they were with much difficulty checked. Australian wheat was quoted at from 74s. to 79s. a quarter, and the supplies from America were ice bound, and likely to be so for two or three months, there seemed no probability of any decline from this mark until spring.

With respect to prospects nearer home, the *Australian and South Australian Register* afford encouraging news. The former represents the farmers in the Avoca district as well pleased with their prospects. "From twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre are yields far from uncommon, while the crops, as a whole, will be but little below the average." The crops of the Smeaton Plains are also good; but their superior quality is spoken of as due to the sowing of a special wheat from Ireland, known as the *Studden*, and remarkably adapted to the climate and soil. About Glendower and Mount Glasgow the crops are also good; but, at Tourville, they are so much damaged by rust as to be cut for hay, and around Warrnambool they have been destroyed by caterpillars. The crops of the South Australians are turning out well. So great is the weight of much of the new wheat, that it is said that it might be sold for old. Twenty, twenty-five and thirty bushels per acre are the yields spoken of. Demands are being made of the Government for seed wheat by those who have been losers by rust, and the demand will be complied with to a certain extent by the supply of seed from other quarters of the globe, so that an entire change may be effected. Some vegetable physiologists lay great stress upon this change, and there can be no doubt that it is judiciously attended with good results when judiciously made. Seed may be advantageously introduced from a cold to a warmer climate; but it is seldom found to be desirable to reverse the process. The *South Australian Chronicle* commences a notice on the wheat crop with these words: "It has been our misfortune to write so often of bad crops, that it is quite refreshing to be able to say a little on the other side of the question." At one of the meetings called for the purpose of hearing reports of the state of the wheat crops, very different views were expressed concerning the duty of the Government, and the need of the farmers. There was a general impression that the rust was confined within a radius of twenty-five miles round Gawler; and it is satisfactory to observe a prevailing disposition against appealing to Government for aid, save in very severe cases.

The official agricultural statistics for Great

Britain for 1867, were published in November; but as the point of comparison, that is returns of 1866, was far from complete, and only embraced three-fourths of a year, very little value can be attached to them. An increase is noted in the quantity of land under crop, this being due to a more extensive planting of barley. With respect to cattle the figures are 4,017,790 for England and Wales—an increase of 169,535. Sheep show an increase of 5,304,082, the figures being 22,097,286 against 16,793,204 in 1866.

The British Chambers of Agriculture had, by our last advice, struck full into their winter work. The progress these institutions have made during the year of their existence is very remarkable. The organisation of the farmers by means of these chambers has given them a power in the State they never before possessed. They can now make their collective opinion respected both within and without the Houses of Parliament. The apparatus is not lumbering. It does not require six months to obtain the sense of the rural districts on any measure that is likely to affect the agricultural interest. There is a Central Chamber in London, whose special business it is to watch the course of legislation. This chamber is in intimate relation to the county chambers, and when the occasion arises the local secretaries are alarmed by post or telegraph, and meetings throughout the country are called and held within a day of each other it may be, and the result forwarded at once to London. The county M.P.s, who were always very easy with their constituents, simply because they possessed no organisation of this kind before, have assumed a very different attitude; and the interests of the tenant farmers of Great Britain obtain a more respectful attention from the House of Commons than they were ever known to do.

The season is now coming when the sugar beet may be sown with very nearly a certainty of success, and we would urge those who have the land, and who can get the seed, to try again. One check must not quite dishearten us. One thing is sure, that beet seed must not be entrusted to the earth just when the dry weather usually sets in, but must be sown in the autumn.

The egg is a wonderful production—neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor vegetable. Under no other arrangement is the same amount of nourishment packed away in such a beautiful and compact form. The egg is a favourite object with the connoisseur; but it is quite a great favourite with the cook. It appears everywhere, is useful everywhere,—even in its last stage, when the outrager of public decency has to test the strength of public opinion in the pillory! It yields to every turn of the culinary art. Soyer, with the egg as a foundation of his combinations, and a few other elements, would produce a banquet fit for kings. Into what combination is it that the egg does not enter? And beyond the boundaries of the kitchen its wonderful agency is known in manufactures, in the arts, and the sciences. An impression of the importance of the egg to Great Britain is scarcely to be derived from figures—they are so vast. Fancy the annual import from the Continent at 73,000,000 in 1847; and this increased to 103,000,000 in 1852, and again increased in 1857 to 147,000,000, until in 1866 it reached 438,878,880—more than a million a day! To a housewife it seems to take a great many eggs to make £1, and yet here are eggs bought by the people of England, and paid for at the rate of 21,000,197 a year! Fancy the value of the egg to our cooks and bakers, and bring us to a determination to treat them more reasonably. It will be well if the hint about the coupers is allowed to have weight. Laying employed in sitting, or allowed to straggle about with a brood of chickens. It is worth considering whether several persons, near Sydney, might not set up a poultry establishment for the introduction and maintenance of the best breeds. In our opinion money might be well invested in this direction, were anybody to embark in the occupation from a real love of it.

LAW

CENTRAL POLICE COURT.

SATURDAY.
 BEFORE their Worship the Police Magistrate and Mr. Danvers.

Of ten prisoners brought before the Court, two were fined 5s. each and one 10s. for drunkenness, two were fined 20s. for making use of obscene language, and one was fined 10s. for riotous behaviour.

Robert Taylor, omnibus driver, charged with illustrating, by cruelly beating his horses, plodding gait, and was sentenced to pay a penalty of 25s. or to be imprisoned six weeks.

Thomas Glynn, charged with having assaulted constable Denby, plodding gait, and was sentenced to be imprisoned two months.

Mary Hopkins was found guilty of having assaulted an old woman, named Childs, and was sentenced to pay a penalty of 40s., or to be imprisoned one month.

The Court adjourned till Tuesday.

THE POOR BOX.—Received, nil. Assisted, three persons.

LOST.—Monday, January 27, holiday. Tuesday, 28, Messrs. Love, Kettle, and Cohen; Wednesday, 29, Messrs. Chapman, Hughes, and Renwick; Thursday, 30, Messrs. Birrell, Smith, Levey, and Day; Friday, 31, Messrs. J. J. Kelly, J. J. Kelly, and Campbell; Saturday, February 1, Messrs. Danvers and Bray.

WATER POLICE COURT.

SATURDAY.
 BEFORE the Water Police Magistrate.

Thomas Charles Hammond, a seaman of the *Lady Borden*, for drunkenness and disorderly conduct on board, was fined 10s. or to be imprisoned two days.

Charles Watson and James Lewis, seamen, for an assault upon William T. Simms, second mate of the ship *Alma*, Cameron. It appeared that they were drunk at the time, and one of them held the officer, whilst the other struck him in the face. Watson was sentenced to six weeks' and Lewis to eight weeks' imprisonment, with hard labour.

Watson was also fined 25s. or to be imprisoned one month, for assaulting the apprehending constable; and he was fined 12s. or three days' imprisonment, for wilfully destroying the constable's uniform. For making use of obscene language, he was fined 25s. or to be imprisoned one month.

Robert Mortensen, a seaman of the Danish ship *M. W. Jones*, for wilful disobedience of lawful commands, was sentenced to two weeks' hard labour in goal.

ROSTER.—Monday, January 27, holiday. Tuesday, 28, Messrs. T. Danvers, W. S. Dickinson, W. J. Lennon, W. Levey, Wednesday, 29, Messrs. B. Burdick, W. Day, J. Evans; Thursday, 30, Messrs. H. Hunt, J. Fennell, W. Tunks; Friday, 31, Messrs. J. J. Kelly, T. Spence, G. Thomas; Saturday, February 1, Mr. T. C. Brellat.

DECISIONS OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

(From the Sydney Mail.)

FOURTH TERM, 1867 (CONTINUED).

FRIDAY, 27th DECEMBER.—*Sir A. Stephen, C.J., Hartley, J., and Funnell, J.*

BATTAY V. BLANCHARD.—Motions for hearing of appeals in Equity.—(See No. 1.) That for the hearing of this appeal had been dismissed because of appellant not having given up the decree sought to be appealed against (see article No. XXII). (2) Pursuant to an intimation of opinion from the majority of the Court, however, this application was now renewed, the defect which had led to the dismissal of the first motion having, in the interim, been cured. (3) The decree sought to be appealed against was pronounced on the 24th July, the Master's fee had, as above stated been dismissed on the 26th September, and the decree was not drawn up until December.

QUESTIONS.—Had there been such *laches* as that his right of appeal must be regarded as having been abandoned.

HELD.—(1) That there had been; and (2) That although viewing the case as a whole, an appeal would be granted, this would only be on terms.

APPOINTMENTS CITED AND CONSIDERED.—II JURIST.

N. S. 612; 5 *id.* 601.

[NOTE.—The terms imposed were that the costs of the application should be paid by appellant within fourteen days after term, and that security for £200 to cover costs of suit, should be given by such appellant within one month. Failing compliance with these terms, the appeal to be dismissed with costs. If the terms were duly complied with, the Court would then proceed to stand for the 3rd of April, 1868. A similar motion to the above had been made some days before, but had been dismissed, upon the ground that such a motion as this could not be sustained, and that notice of it must be given to respondent.]

HENDERSON AND OTHERS V. O'DONNELL.—*Demurrer.* (Equitable plea—guarantee of debt—allowance of time for payment.)

FACTS.—(1) The action was upon a guarantee from defendant to become responsible for the payment, by M. O'Donnell, of the sum of £200 to the plaintiff, in consideration of the latter's advance to M. O'Donnell of the sum of £200. (2) The effect of the two pleas demurred was that by granting time to M. O'Donnell for the payment of the bill given for these goods, the plaintiff had lost the right to stand for the 3rd of April, 1868. A similar motion to the above had been made some days before, but had been dismissed, upon the ground that such a motion as this could not be sustained, and that notice of it must be given to respondent.]

HELD.—That the plea was bad; the original liability of the defendant remained unaffected by the grant of time to M. O'Donnell. Or was there, under the circumstances, a continuing obligation which such grant of time could not affect?

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principally of volunteers. Now that the volunteers are personally brave no one will doubt; that from 150,000 to 160,000 of them have learned the common regimental drill fairly well is proved by the result of their frequent inspections; but that they do or could form an army or anything which could by courtesy be called one we utterly deny. Old as that remark is, and often as we ourselves have pressed it upon public attention, a sense of its deep importance and of the degree in which it is illustrated by the event which has just taken place induces us to return to it once more.

It may be said that the volunteers would never be required to act as an army at all, and that the possibility of invasion, especially since the extensive adoption of iron-clad line-of-battle ships is so remote that it need not be seriously provided against. Such an argument proves to be useless, and nothing more than a vent for a foolish and expensive taste for playing at soldiers. It is, in short, an argument for discontinuing the system. It is useless to discuss this question, as it was discussed *ad nauseam* and practically decided upon by the public eight years ago, when volunteering was first organised. Assuming then that we are to have a volunteer army, it surely is hardly an arguable question whether that army ought or ought not to be efficient. It is a perfectly intelligible proposition that volunteering is all nonsense; but no one surely can be so absurd as to assert in plain words that it is worth while to have volunteers, but not worth while to have the volunteer system put into serviceable order—that our circumstances call upon us to keep a carriage, but that there is no use in having horses which can draw or a coachman to drive it properly. If then we turn to the question whether our volunteers are efficient, we reply—Look at the battle of Mentana; look at the war between Italy and Austria, and the performances of the Garibaldians against the Tyrolese; look, above all, at the American war, and reflect upon the position of the army, which, having been ignominiously routed at Bull Run, was literally stuck in the mud for six or seven months utterly unable to march out of its position until all the necessary arrangements which are required to make an army moveable had been organised from the very beginning. These precedents are sufficiently striking, but as the latest is generally the most impressive, let us look a little more closely at the case of Mentana. We must not expect severe accuracy or entire candour from men smarting under a defeat, and anxious to excuse it, but what are the causes to which we must ascribe the fact that Garibaldi's forces were not merely beaten, but utterly defeated, broken up, and destroyed as an organised body, by a regular force, not much if at all superior to them in number? As far as we can judge, it by no means appears that they were out-generalled or taken by surprise. On the contrary, they were well posted in a strong position, and gained on several occasions advantages over the troops which attacked them, though when we compare the lists of killed and wounded on the two sides we cannot but feel a good deal of scepticism as to the extent of these advantages. Be this how it may, they were not, it would appear, forced from their position, but abandoned it in the course of the night after the action, by which no doubt they must have been broken up and demoralised. As no one will accuse either the leaders or the men of cowardice or treason, we must look further for the causes of this disaster. The Garibaldians themselves attribute it to their deficiencies in organisation. The men were in every way ill-equipped and half-starved; their cannon had not a proper supply of ammunition; their enemies had better arms, amongst which were the *Chassepots*; and we are told that there were no reserves. As we have already observed, these are the excuses of beaten men, and as such must be regarded with a good deal of scepticism; but may they not all be summed up under one general head—want of discipline and organisation? The Garibaldians were mere bands of volunteers. The Pontifical army and the French had all the proper appliances of regular troops. They had a proper commissariat, the right proportion of ammunition to their guns, and, above all, no doubt the habits of discipline, and officers over them in regular command, who knew how to meet and deal with the various exigencies of the campaign. Let us apply this to our own case. Suppose that it were necessary upon short notice to march an army of 150,000 volunteers against an enemy, how should we set about it? That the men are not armed with breech-loaders, but with the old-fashioned Enfield, is a matter to which too much importance may easily be attached, and which, as it is perfectly definite and capable of being remedied by the simple process of spending a great deal of money, may perhaps be set to rights sooner or later. But there are less glaring evils of far more importance which cannot be remedied without extreme care, forethought, ingenuity, and trouble, and hence it is morally certain that though they have been, and from time to time will be, pointed out again and again, they never will be remedied until the nation has been humiliated and disgraced by them. These evils consist in the utter absence of all those services which are required to make a set of isolated bodies into an army.

To take an example so ludicrously obvious that it is almost absurd to mention it—the men have neither tents nor knapsacks, and if both were served out to them not one man in twenty would have the faintest notion as to what he ought to do with the one, or put into the other. There are honorary surgeons attached to the different corps, but there is no sort of provision made for the organisation of the medical branch of the service in case of war. Is there a single surgeon to any volunteer regiment whatever (unless he happens to have been served in the regular army) has the faintest notion as to what his position would be in active service? How many of them could tell what instruments he ought to have? Where his post would be in action? How many assistants he would have, or how his field hospital would have to be arranged and organised? Take again the commissariat. Is that organised in any tolerable degree? If any army of volunteers were collected together, would they be fed by raven, or would they not be more likely to feed any ravens which might be forthcoming? Look, too, at the question of discipline. A volunteer in the field misconducts himself. Where are the provost-marshal and the Judge-Advocate? Above all, where are the officers? How many of them know anything at all about war, or have received any sort of military education? The same question, it is true, may be asked about many of the regiments in the regular army without eliciting any satisfactory answer, but this only makes bad worse. To sum up all our queries as to the volunteers in one, What are they except a number of bands of brave and sturdy men, acquainted with regimental drill, and in many

instances pretty good shots; and are not these just the sort of men who were ignominiously routed at Mentana? If war were like a game of cricket, if the contingency for which we had to be provided was a friendly challenge from 20,000 Frenchmen or Russians to an equal number of Englishmen to fight a battle on Wimbledon Common at a given hour on a given day, the firing to commence at seven, and not, to continue after the same hour in the evening; if the troops were to be brought up by train overnight, to sleep in comfortable lodgings provided by private competition, and to be allowed to finish their breakfasts comfortably before they took up their position, we will not say that the pluck and spirit of the volunteers would not enable them to make a good fight at all events for the credit of their country. No one need doubt that as far as mere hard blows went they would give and take after the traditional custom of the country, but mere hard blows are quite a subordinate part of modern warfare; and when we look at the total absence of all organisation or unity which characterises the volunteer force, and think of the effects which those defects have produced upon armies composed of very similar materials in countries so dissimilar as the United States and Italy, we cannot but feel that at present we are leaning on a broken reed depending upon the volunteers for the defence of the country, and that the dangers, whatever they were, which the movement was meant to secure us against, have not as yet been materially diminished by means of it.

We are like a man who thinks that his house is sufficiently protected against robbers because he has bought an excellent gun, which he does not know how to load, and for which he has no ammunition. He intends to take his sons in loading and to send to a town ten miles off to order some ammunition when he hears the robbers coming; for you must observe that he is a practical man, and never disturbs himself about remote dangers; and besides that, his father once thrashed with an old hunting-whip a couple of footpads armed with bludgeons and pistols, and is not he as good a man as his father?

OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN.

(From the Spectator.)

ONE of the most puzzling of all physiological problems is the difficulty that "grown-up people" feel in understanding children. They have all been children, and one would think they would all retain some faint recollection of the ideas of childhood sufficient to make them fair, or tolerant of kindly, or at the least intelligent, in dealing with their babes. They do not, though. We ask any truth-speaking father of a family, that is, of more than one child, who may happen to read these lines, whether he ever finds his own experience any help in understanding his children under ten, whether he is not compelled to rely on observation alone, whether

analytic, occupied not with an effort to make appearances harmonize, but to find out, in some cases by reflection, in others by incessant questioning, what appearances really mean.

And yet, when all is said, Mr. Macdonald may be right, for no man recollects his childhood, children write no autobiographies—Dr. John Brown's Marjory was scarcely a child—and no man's thoughts about children can ever be more than the conclusions of an experience as limited as the conclusions of an ethnologist would be if he had only studied one clan.

THE FUTURE OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

(From the Spectator.)

THE DARK SIDE.

MR. CARLYLE, with his peculiar views as to liberty and government, is not the only man of our generation who is troubled with melancholy forebodings for humanity. Amidst the universal lack of progress, there are plenty of indications of a bitter feeling that progress in knowledge and the mechanical arts, and even in the wide diffusion of the education which has given birth to that progress, is no guarantee for progress in what men hold to be highest of all,—that strength and depth and nobility of character which have so little necessary connection with either wide knowledge or multiplied enjoyments. Is there not lurking in the sciences and arts may prove to be too strong for man almost precisely in the sense in which we say that the vitality of Nature as seen in the tropical vegetation of the Amazon is too strong for man?—that knowledge may prove power indeed, but in some sense a power too great for the strength of those who wield it,—a power by the side of which moral power will lose its head, feel itself bewildered, paralyzed, without compass and, worse still, without nerve? There are those who are already beginning to say in their heart "There is no God," not because they know so little, but because they know so much of their own little knowledge. They are, perhaps, as the Psalmist calls them, in one sense fools, but certainly they are not fools for want of education, or of all sorts of accomplishments. It is rather that, seeing the threads of scientific investigation branching out in so many different directions, and knowing that they can never grasp one hundredth part even of the conclusions arrived at, the sense of utter helplessness, of incapacity to know anything but the smallest fraction of this labyrinth of universal laws, fosters in their minds a keen sense of the uncertainty not only of all except demonstrative evidence, but of all mental and moral impressions, however deep, not supported by this kind of evidence,—a sense of uncertainty from which the springs of faith never again recover. Even those who feel most deeply the truth of God's personal love and providence, and of His revelation of Himself in Christ, are not without a vehement and almost passionate feeling that this age needs a new incarnation, if only to tell us how the Light of the World would reconcile this new flood of intellectual processes with the personal life in the Father which He revealed. There is the profoundest danger of the collapse of that highest personal life the glory of which has been shown us, before the confusion of the half lights and half shadows of the new era. Complexity of every kind is the great condition of the new life,—shades of thought too complex to yield up definite opinions,—shades of moral obligation too complex to yield up definite axioms of duty,—shades of insight too various to yield up definite sentences of approval or condemnation for the actions of others. On all subjects, not strictly scientific, on all those mental and moral questions which determine conduct and action, the growing sense of complexity and difficulty is rapidly producing a relaxing effect upon the force of individual character. In some sense men are blinded by excess of light. The simple old moral law, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not commit adultery," "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods," is apt to lose half its meaning before multitudes of distinctions which gradually shade off forbidden acts into the most praiseworthy and delicate sentiments, and leave you wondering where the spirit of the law ends and the letter begins. Still more difficult does it seem to reconcile the old divine liberty of life in God with the new human liberty of life in science—the spiritual attitudes of mind which recognise that every wave in a storm, every waste shot from a gun that strikes a passing bird, is the direct issue of a Father's will, with the laws of tides and currents, of atmospheric rarefaction and condensation with which modern science is every day familiarising us more. Harmony as we will, under our present lights the personal life in God which our Lord revealed fits very awkwardly into the grooves of the scientific conception of order; and every generation, as it accumulates fresh illustrations of the scientific method, is more and more embarrassed how to piece them in with that far grander and nobler personal discipline of the soul which bears in every circumstance of life some new word of command from the living God. We do not affirm, we do not in the least believe, the two modes of apprehension to be inconsistent. We do say that to help us in reconciling them we seem to need some new act of revelation—that he who taught the old personal unscientific world how to live in God, should yet reconcile for us the floods of new light He has poured upon our understandings and outward life, with the greatest of His lessons taught to a very different age by the shores of Galilee and in the darkness of Gethsemane. If "progress" go on as heretofore, without any new light from the divine side, the old, strong, simple, ethical, and spiritual conception of life may die away, and there may grow up in its place a spurious compound of misty science and feeble sentiment out of which no strength can come. Compare the old Catholic saints, or the old Puritan saints, it matters little which, with the modern "religious man" compare Luther with streaming eyes praying for the Church, and telling God with the familiarity of Abraham or Elijah that, if He will have a Church at all, He must look after it Himself, "for we cannot look after it, and if we could we should be the proudest asses under heaven," with our modern Bishops sending forth a sort of encyclical almost destitute of meaning—the highest praise falsely awarded to which has been that there was no harm in it,—to the faithful in Christ Jesus." To the faithful indeed! They meant "to those who made no difficulties in Christ Jesus." Yet the difference is not merely and simply in the men. Luther had re-discovered pure and unalloyed the possibility of free, simple, personal life with Christ. The Bishops have inherited a world of intellectual compromises, and doctrinal subtleties, and scientific discussions which stand between the soul and this straightforward life. The spirit of the age is complicated with truths (as well as falsehoods), which are bewildering and distracting to this attitude of mind, and which yet insist on recognition. The mere development of the

existing law of progress, as it is usually understood, so far from securing all that is expected of it, cannot fail, we think, to do more in relaxing the highest inward life of man, than even in beautifying and humanising its external features.

It is another aspect of the same tendency that, with the new flow of sciences and arts into the world, the tendency to indifference on almost all great non-scientific subjects, politics and theology alike, has so much increased, especially among the young, and that the highest culture has scarcely taught anything beyond that despair of complete truth, and consequent disposition to deprecate severe struggles for it, which was so remarkable a feature of the Roman world at the beginning of our era, and which always probably leads the majority to the doctrine, "Enjoy what you can while you can, for all remote spiritual attitudes are unsuited to the constitution of such beings as we are in such a world as the present." There is, at all events, an immense growth of this spirit, not amongst those who have most hardship and suffering, but who have least,—amongst those who have chiefly reaped the advantages of the new sciences and arts in easy life, pleasant tastes, languid hopes, and feeble faiths. The fear is, that if civilisation succeeds,—and we trust it will succeed,—in raising the mass of men to the same level of comparatively satisfied material and intellectual wants, there will be the same disposition to subside into the limited life of small attainable enjoyments, and to let alone the struggles for perfect freedom and perfect life in God. There can be no doubt that what we call our middle class, as a whole, and especially the younger members of it, have lost greatly in sympathy with its struggles among other peoples. Mr. Carlyle's teaching about slavery—earnest in its own immoral kind—has not truly convinced half as many as it has given an excuse for refusing to interest themselves on the side of the victim,—for insisting on judging of the American War, for example, by canons of mere taste. That there is nothing of the heart in middle class politics that was a generation ago, the history of the recent Reform Act would alone prove. The languid desire of all parties not to be bored with the question any longer, did infinitely more to ensure its passing than any conviction. Indeed, the party which passed it have, in their newspaper press, been busy ever since in crying down, just after the old fashion, the very class whom they have enthroned. "We will give you power over us, if you please, for it is too much trouble to resist longer, and the Whigs would do it if we didn't, but nothing shall induce us to like you, or to think you anything but low fellows," is the general Tory verdict on what has happened. And the younger men turn away from politics with which they profess themselves disgusted, to the easy study of technical pursuits and the indulgence of more or less refined amusements. They smile languidly at the "fuss" about politics, and only become earnest in discussing what is Philistine in taste, and whether Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Carlyle has exploded the larger number of antiquated prejudices on political subjects and "the Semitic principle." It is the same with religious life. Some of the younger generation profess a passive scepticism, not an eager, anxious prosecution of doubt, and some lean to the aesthetic practices of the High Church school. But the main point is that in both classes alike the dim, vague faculty called Taste has assumed so much importance in late years, not by reason of its own growth, but through the undermining of all surer, deeper, and more laborious passages to truth. We seem to be rapidly approaching in the middle class,—and will the working class, when it has gained as easy a hold of life, save us from going further in the same road?—to that condition of things, that attenuated faith, those petty momentary interests, that hopeless vision of the excessive complexity of truth on all high topics, which drove the Roman world into despair at the beginning of our era,—a despair from which a simple belief in a simple revelation of divine acts alone saved it. Mr. Arnold has finely said of it:—

"Like curs it looked in outward air,
Its head was clear and true,
Sumptuous its clothing, rich its fare,
No pause its action knew."

"Steel was its arm, each pulse and bone
Seemed pulsant and alive,
But all its heart, its heart was stone,
And so it would not die."

If it were true that with the beating back of great physical wants, the deepest hunger of human nature is to be laid to sleep, and life to be frittered away in small enjoyments, no one could look upon human destiny without a sigh.

Perhaps it may be thought almost an answer to this fear to point out that with the growth of the self-indulgent spirit there is very apt to grow also a very strong feeling of the worthlessness of life,—a feeling that nothing enjoyed is worth the cost of obtaining it, that life itself is a doubtful good, that the spring and elasticity of youth once over, and the sense of duty smothered in a sea of speculative doubt, it is rather from indolence than from love of life, that men prolong the dreary monotony of unsolved problems and ungranted prayers. That high culture has led many of the highest minds of our age to the very verge of a despondency that is little short of despair, we scarcely need that grand expression of this feeling in incomparably the finest poem of our own day, Mr. Clough's Easter Sunday soliloquy at Naples, to tell us. It will be said that the very sense of utter weariness and nothingness which life without faith carries into the highest minds, is itself the surest proof that we need not fear any real collapse of society into modes of individual self-indulgence. And we believe that because we believe in God. But, judging by the merely human symptoms of the day, one would say that the collapse of faith which brings the highest minds nearly to despair, brings ordinary minds to weary satiety, indifference, ennui,—that condition, in which no end of life is thought worth earnest exertion, and yet for want of earnest exertion no higher estimate of the ends of life can be formed.

To sum up, then, those influences which, inhering as they do in the very grain of civilisation, seem to us to threaten far more evil in the future than the more or less removable mass of physical misery, ignorance, and want, with which politicians are wisely making war, there is, first, a tendency in the very accumulation of the intellectual sciences to perplex and relax the fibres of moral and intellectual conviction, a tendency, in fact, to drown purpose and volition in the flood of intellectual alternatives which are proposed to our thought. Again, the very growth of the arts in staving off the ultimate necessities of man, and multiplying immensely the small enjoyments of life, has a great tendency to increase, and has increased, the spirit of petty indulgence, of small self-gratification, of indifference to all great and grave struggles. Finally, this predominance of small and brilliant certainties amid the growth of great and vague doubts,

while it makes the highest minds pine passionately for more light, fosters in common minds the tendency to cry, "Who will show us any good?" and to doubt secretly whether any attainable end in life is worth the trouble of attaining it—a state of mind which has been common in the stationary East for centuries, and will grow even in the progressive West just as rapidly if the faith in Christ could ever die out.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Were the preceding article a complete statement of the facts, civilisation would seem on the eve of stereotyping itself, and the destiny of man would appear to be sterile indeed, but it is not complete. There are facts to be recorded as bright as these are gloomy. Amid the decay of the creeds and the roar of petty conflicts, under the complex network of doubts which seem to shut in men, each to his little plot of obvious duty, as a few red threads will shut in a stag to a half-roof of grass, we seem to perceive at last the rise of new and tremendous forces which will once again retone the heart, retrace the mind, and at last reinvigorate or, to speak even more frankly, re-create faith in the souls of men. Education does not only pulverise. Things are still in their germ, but we think we see one change, perhaps the greatest of all, coming over the spirits of civilised men, a thirst for truth by itself, a sovereign, driving faith in that, an utter indifference to and contempt of the results of that, which is absolutely new in history, and which of all the intellectual passions tends most to clear and strengthen the mental blood. The love and admiration of scientific processes, the hunger, sometimes almost brutal, for realism in art, and literature, and life, the weary carelessness for things which used to inflame mankind may be, certainly seem to this writer to be, mere symptoms of this new impulse, just as hunger, and peevishness, and a tumult of the blood are often the first symptoms of returning convalescence. No influence save faith alone tends so directly to strengthen the character as the single-eyed passion, none enables men to walk with so decided a step, and none frees them more rapidly from the bondage of the web of words, as the preceding writer says, by the new consciousness men have of the complexity of all things. Once hold truth invaluable, and doubt loses its paralyzing force. Moreover, the hunger for truth which in science, or history, or theology, always begins by killing faith, always ends by serving as a base for a new structure, would, we believe, re-animate Christianity—now supposed to be dying, because for the third time it is stripping itself to put on its new armour—even without another and yet stronger impulse now rising among men. This is the spirit which, for want of a better word, we must call Sympathy, the spirit Shakespeare called Mercy, and the author of "Ecce Homo" styles the "enthusiasm of humanity," a spirit born within the last hundred years, which has in it the capacity of becoming a motor, a fanaticism, even in certain exceptional situations a destroying force, a spirit which seventy years ago produced Robespierre, which in our own day has yielded John Brown and Mazzini, a spirit which is the secret force of that otherwise anarchical tendency we call Democracy, and the mainspring and sustenance of "the Revolution," which is already acting as the solvent of all old laws, institutions, and crystallisations of society. This sympathy with man as man, absolutely new, is becoming a mighty operative force. There are no fanatics like those who are possessed by it. There are no ages so vast as those which they suggest; no life so arduous as those which they will lead. Force of character, quotha! Has it ever been so more grandly than by the Abolitionists, infidels half of them, but men borne on by this new impulse to face torture, and contempt, and death, the scorn of wise men, and the hatred of worldly men, as the purest Christians alone have ever had force to do. Wherein was Cromwell so much stronger than John Brown, Huss than Garrison, Xavier than Howard, Wycliffe than many a man among us who, unable to bear the torment of his pity for the misery of men, of his sovereign sympathy with wretchedness, has, half mad, gone out from his old beliefs, stripped himself naked of ideas, and so, amidst the shocked scorn of friends, and families, and comrades, declared war to the knife on all that exists, but existing, does not remove his horror. He is wrong enough usually, but how weak? And remember, as this passion of sympathy spreads, and deepens, and clears itself, as men grow to sympathise with humanity in all its misery, in its sinfulness as in its pain, as they come to war against moral as they now war on social suffering, so must the one ideal, in whom and through whom alone their figure is completed, regain its power over their imaginations, their hearts, their lives. In the Man-God alone is philanthropy, the love of man, seen perfect. Half the best warriors in the social war are "infidels," men who cannot bow down to the authority which has left the world to groan; but to them, above all, will come first the conviction that strain on as they will, they cannot love man as He loved, that their endurance is weak beside His, that their tolerance and mercy and pitifulness—things which are but names for the one quality of sympathy—are imperfect, austere, wanting in breadth, and depth, and coherence, beside the perfect fulness of His love. It is from the lower side, from the human side, from the long-delayed recognition of Christ as the completion of the highest ideal of man—recognition prevented for ages by the wicked theory of an averted vengeance—that we look for the second revival of that true and only Christianity which believes, as it believes in the axioms of mathematics, that Christ, God and man, died for the human race. In men in whom the love of truth is a flame, in whom sympathy is illimitable, and in whom faith has once more grown up from below, there will be no lack of force. That the character of the great men of the next generation will be like the character of the greatest in the past, we by no means affirm. Probably it will not.

Out of that sense of the vast complexity of all things there should grow, will grow in the minds reillumined by faith, enlarged by sympathy, made single by love of truth, a mighty tolerance, a patience, a calm serenity, to which our greatest element will not be so all-pervading, the uniform will be exchanged more often for the ermine. There will be serenity in these men, but serenity is not weak. We look as covet of the one lost blessing of the old Pagan world—the blessing which philosophers all unconsciously, calm, capacity of enjoyment, and Christian childlikeness; the nature we see dimly through the ages in the best of the Greeks, see plainly even now sometimes in a few old men and women, upon whom a living faith and a serene life have impressed that stamp of saintliness which, of all the aspects of human nature, has in it most of softness, and least of feebleness or indecision. Weakness of

character: Imagine Calvin with Melancthon's heart, and we are near the ideal to which the world tends, and which, be it what it may, is at least not weak, not the character which subsides into a search for physical comfort. Men tell us who have studied Americans, Germans, and Europeans free of the tyranny of convention, that they see among their best specimens, among farmers in the West like Lincoln, among professors like Carl Ritter, among workmen—take Nadar—dim forebodings of men like this, men whose characters are of iron in their self-dependence, men like Jacobins in the strength of their convictions, yet with hearts absolutely irradiated with sympathy for man and faith in God's love—men whom nothing resists successfully, yet who have recovered a power of childlike gladness, a capacity of serenity such as man in this century has sold,—the purchase-money for his victories over opposing Nature.

And then, too, there is another force, almost new, also at work. We are about to say what will probably excite in half of our readers a sense of the ridiculous, but still it is to be said, if our conviction is to be fully expressed. Hope is becoming once more a motive power. It is a singular fact in the Christian psychology that hope, which the Apostles regarded as a virtue,—an executive force, a motive power,—has ever since that time been degraded in men's ideas into a mere quality very lightly esteemed. A hopeful man, in the parlance of to-day, a sort of fool. Hope, nevertheless, is once more regaining its power,—is completely regaining it as not unfrequently to be mistaken for hot strong sister, Faith, is influencing the souls of men, is strengthening them to try unknown paths, untrodden ways, to work for ends which but for hope they would scarcely even desire. The passionate belief that Utopia may be attained, that we may yet reach a land where all shall be free and instructed and good, where the human race shall "have its fair chance," is exciting men afresh, is stimulating them to endure, is helping them to dare. It was but a hope, a dream, a Utopia which sustained the North in its tremendous struggle, but then the force which sustained it is neither feeble nor worthy of contempt. Men as the old creeds vanish are ceasing to despair, and in morals as in politics courage is the essential basis of all vigorous or successful action. A good deal of the despairing indifference mentioned in the preceding article is the result of hope, of the new conviction or impression that higher things are not unattainable. If nothing but bread is attainable—one fights for bread, but if one clearly experiences the hope of meat? We do not wish to push this argument too far, partly because hope at last is only a result of faith; but still the development of this faculty is to be reckoned among the brighter gleams in a picture which might otherwise be dark.

And finally—for we can neither hope to state, nor even to indicate, the infinite details of this side of the argument—it is necessary to adduce one negative example. The craving for comfort has an aspect of pessimism never acknowledged by it is one of the victims over the body. The highest thinkers of all ages have acknowledged that this victory must be gained, and as the Stoics held the road to it was contempt for the body, and the monks subjugation of the body, so the moderns hold unconsciously that the swiftest path is the silencing of the body. The modern thinker seats himself in an easy chair, not in order to enjoy the easy chair, but in order that the nobler part of him may be free from the consciousness of the inferior—may not be worried by its claims, disturbed by its remonstrances, fretted by its complaints. It is not luxury he is seeking, but mental freedom, the freedom the Stoic sought when he chatted in the rain as if the sun had shone, and held it beneath him to pay attention to the chill. The modern man is not less desirous of that liberty of scorn for the clouds, but to get it, instead of stripping, he invents a waterproof; he silences the body by content, instead of by control, reigns as a Caesar instead of an ancient abbot. We like neither regime, but it is not weakness of character, which produces the second—a misdirected power which, more wisely used, may make the mind and the soul more genuinely free, and therefore more genuinely strong than they have been. The highest sort of suffering ever sung was penned by a king, and fortitude, endurance, strength in all forms are the qualities which, from the days of the Roman patrician, the aristocrats have not lacked. It is not in the luxurious, but in those who are hankering for luxury, that feebleness is found.

THE ALLEGED "REVOLT AGAINST MARRIAGE" IN AMERICA.

(By a Special Correspondent of the Daily News.)

THE extraordinary statement made recently by Professor F. W. Newman, that he had it on good authority that a general revolt against marriage was beginning amongst the women of the United States, on the ground of the injustice of the existing marriage laws and marriage customs, and that even in "pure-hearted circles" it was not uncommon for women of culture and position to offer themselves to their lovers on condition that they are not to take upon them the yoke of legal marriage, has excited some attention here, but not as much as the position of the writer and the importance of the subject entitle it to. The reason is that it has so little basis in fact that it is dismissed by the class which in this country pays most attention to social philosophy as simply one of the somewhat wild stories of American life which are constantly coming across the water from England, and which usually furnish materials for laugh to the daily press, but which in private life very few people think it worth their while to pay any attention to, even to talk about. It would be difficult for me to show you how utterly absurd Professor Newman's statement is, because you would have to live here, and know something of American society, to appreciate it thoroughly. I think I can safely say that there is no American city or town, on this side of the Mississippi at least, in which the spectacle of a respectable woman going to live with a man without marriage, owing to her dislike of the legal incidents of marriage, would not excite as much astonishment and reprobation as it would in England. With a pretty extensive knowledge of the feelings and usages of educated American circles, in the Eastern States at least, I can safely say that I do not believe there is one in which such an arrangement could even be discussed without impropriety. I do not know of one of which I cannot say with perfect certainty, that if any female member of it lived with a man to whom she was not legally married she would not be as irretrievably damned in the estimation of all who knew her as if she lived in Leamington or Chelmsford. Neither she nor her lover would ever be invited to any respectable house; no respectable woman would call on her; and her argument against legal marriage, whether drawn from expediency or of principle, would be treated either as the ravings of a lunatic, or the attempts of a hardened sinner to justify her sin.

Yet it would be unfair to say that Professor Newman's story is absolutely without foundation. There is unquestionably great unrest—a sort of discontent with their condition, and eagerness to try experiments in changing it, such as is not to be met with in England, or only in a very minor degree. There are far more divorces here than there are in England, and persons divorced for any other cause than adultery are not looked upon with so much disfavour as they are in England. In some of the Western States, and in one or two of the Eastern States, divorces are, I was going to say disgracefully, but I may say alarmingly frequent. And yet it would be very unsafe to generalise regarding the Union at large from the number of divorces occurring in any one, or even any half-dozen of the states because states in which divorces are easily granted are resorted to from all others by couples desirous of severing the marriage tie, and who quit states in which divorces are procured with difficulty.

For instance, divorces can only be had in this state on the ground of adultery; while in Connecticut they are granted for four or five reasons. Considerable numbers of dissatisfied husbands and wives therefore go into Connecticut from New York to get separated, and returns of divorces granted in these states would consequently give one too favourable an idea of married life in New York, and too unfavourable an idea of married life in Connecticut. One great cause, perhaps the great cause, of the frequency of divorces in the United States, is, I think, that to which some writers in England—I forget now who—has ascribed the loosening of the marriage bond which is going on all over the world, and which is the movement of population everywhere, and nowhere so much as here—the general dying out of permanence of abode, the greater readiness to change from one place to another, and try new occupations and new modes of life. Something of this kind is already to be witnessed in England; but it is one of the most constant and striking phenomena of American society. The opening up of the West by railroad and steamboat within the last twenty-five years has created such boundless fields for enterprise, and presented to everybody so many chances of bettering his condition, that a feeling of unsettlement, if I may use the expression, has been diffused through the whole community. Local attachments have been weakened; the pursuit of fortune by steady industry in one place made very distasteful, and the disposition to try new scenes and new professions greatly increased. The consequence is, that although the tide flows mainly towards the West, there is everywhere a constant flux and reflux of population. A man is living this year in New York; you next hear that he is settled in Illinois or Kansas, or that, having tried Minnesota or Wisconsin, he has gone down to Missouri. Now, there is perhaps, in default of strong affection, nothing which does so much to strengthen the marriage relation as the opinion of the friends and neighbours of the married couple. The fear of what the world will say causes the suppression of more angry feeling and the burying of more scandals than we have any idea of. This once removed, as it is removed in the case of new settlers in far off regions, or in the case of people who change much from one community to another, very slight causes lead to separation, if the courts are pliant and the process simple and inexpensive, as it is everywhere here. Whole States in the West are peopled with persons who know nothing of each other's antecedents, who saw each other for the first time a year ago, and may never see each other again, and to whom each man's relations with his wife are of absolutely no interest or consequence. Whether he leave her or she leaves him, and why, are things with which the community does not concern itself. They can be divorced as often as they please without much talk or giving much scandal. All this is in a measure true of the Americans, but the great hordes of foreigners who land every year, and spread themselves over the country, naturally find the restraints of public opinion sit much more lightly on them than the natives, and furnish no inconsiderable proportion of the cases which come into the divorce courts, though I must do the Irish the justice to say that they hardly ever apply for a divorce. Amongst them, when a couple want to separate, they separate without troubling the courts, or violating the laws of the church; but the Germans are more punctilious, and furnish the lawyers with plenty of work.

On the whole, I am satisfied that the relations of husband and wife in all the older parts of the States, and in corresponding classes of society, are as satisfactory in America as in England—for the women perhaps more so, for there is an amount, I might almost say of reverence for the mere fact of sex of which the Englishman knows nothing. In men's treatment of women in public places, all distinctions of rank and occupation are disregarded. A fishwoman is apt to find a seat in a boat or omnibus given up to her by a man just as readily as if she had all the outward marks of elegant respectability, and husbands take upon themselves all they can of the drudgery of life in a way of which neither Englishwomen or Englishmen have much idea. I doubt if there is any country in the world in which wives continue to receive so much of the little attentions of courtship, in which men of all classes continue to make the same elaborate and unwearied efforts to relieve their wives of the harder and coarser duties of life. No divorce case and no cases in the police courts of which I have ever heard here bring out revelations of the cruelty and brutality which are so common in England. But then, no matter how devoted the men may be, women's life in America is very hard. In the large cities life goes on very much as it does in Europe. The servants are all Irish, and generally execrably bad; but then there are usually, especially on the eastern coast, plenty of them, so that there is at least a choice; and those in cities, even the poorest, have many helps and comforts and enjoyments which out of the cities cannot be had. The Irish are very gregarious. They avoid country life here to the best of their ability, and rarely scatter over the country as the Germans do. Irish servant-girls consequently abound in New York and Philadelphia and Boston, and other large towns, while in the country and in the smaller towns they are not to be had for love or money. At the same time, the old American "help"—the neighbour's daughter—who used to be willing to earn some money by assisting in household duties on condition of being treated as a social equal, has passed away. The consequence is that the life of the great mass of the wives of American farmers, mechanics, ministers, and country lawyers, in the earlier period of their marriage, when their children are still young, is one of intolerable hardship. They have to do all their own house-work, cooking, baking, washing, besides nursing, and are at the same time unwilling or unable to give themselves up wholly to these occupations, as women similarly engaged in Europe

would do. They are conventional ladies, although they do their own work. They are not satisfied with the dull routine of household drudgery. They want to dress in the evening, to pay visits to receive their husband's friends, to play on the piano; they probably belong to a sewing society; they like to read the new books and magazines; and for a woman to do all this, even when aided by one half-barbarous Irish girl, requires either that she should have a constitution of iron or no children. Without children, it is possible; with children it is only possible for a few years, and through the sacrifice of health. The result is that the country swarms with delicate women, who, having tried it, have broken down; and the feeling of repugnance to having large families already strong, is growing stronger; and whatever discontent there may be with marriage is unquestionably due to this incident of it, and no other. That it has any foundation in dislike to the wife's legal relations with her husband, is wildly untrue. More loyal, frank, courageous acceptance of all the toils, burdens, perplexities of married life, except this one, greater readiness to surrender property to the husband's keeping, to share with him every possible reverse as well as every possible success, is nowhere to be met with than here. There is more haggling, I venture to say, about marriage settlements in one county in England in single years than there is in any American State in ten years. But the American woman cannot reconcile herself to the withdrawal from all social pleasures, and to the hardships and privations which are attendant on rearing many children in a country in which the social organisation is still so imperfect as it is in this. She will not sink into the peasant or the drudge, as the German woman is willing to do, and believes herself destined to do; and she will not trust, as the Irish woman does, with reckless indifference to the manner in which her children grow up, the clothes they are to wear, and the education they are to receive, and the career they are to follow. The result is—and this must be admitted—that the practice of abortion is becoming alarmingly frequent, and small families are becoming more and more the rule, as in France. The doctors are writing pamphlets, and thundering in private against the former, and the clergymen are writing articles and preaching sermons against the latter, but neither I am afraid with very much effect. The cause of the trouble is too deep-seated for any amount of moral exhortation to remove it. There is a general disposition, and it is a disposition which women every year take less and less pains to conceal, to ascribe large families to men's selfishness, and there are signs in every direction of the growth of that state of opinion about large families which John Stuart Mill has shadowed forth as not only possible but desirable. In this, and not as Professor Newman imagines, in any feeling of hostility to marriage as a legal institution, lies the secret of the malaise which is perceptible amongst American women. I have only touched on the subject, it is hardly possible to do more in a letter of this kind. The present state of things is bad I admit, and I see no prospect of improvement, except through a mere perfect organisation of material life, which will enable households to be taken care of with less manual labour on the part of members of the family and less dependence on hirelings. Baking, washing, and cooking, and heating and lighting, and perhaps a good deal of cleaning, will, I cannot help thinking, be done before very long in this country—in the towns and villages at least—wholesale, by corporations like gas and water companies. The servant system seems to be getting worse the more the country prospers, and cannot last very much longer in its present condition. But in addition to this there must and I think there will probably, grow up gradually amongst men, as a result of the present attitude of women, a code of morality with regard to the production of children, which, however it may work, or however it may accord with the demands of human nature, will differ widely from the present one.

GREAT BLAST IN CALIFORNIA.

(From the Weekly Bulletin.)

FOUR seven or eight weeks past, A. H. Houston, contractor for the first sections of the great sea wall, has had men at work tunnelling into the base of Telegraph Hill at the intersection of Vallejo street with Sansome, for the purpose of exploding an enormous mass of rock at that point as a very hard sandstone, and the progress of the miners was therefore slow, although the work was kept up day and night, Sundays excepted. The tunnel was driven a distance of about 80 feet, with cross drifts at the inner end of it. It had been reported that the charge would consist of 200 or 300 kegs of blasting powder deposited in the side tunnels, and fearful of the effect which might be produced on the houses on the hill, the city authorities had ordered the miners to stop. Mr. Houston, however, occupied several weeks since of his intention. Many removed, but some determined to remain. During the night, 100 kegs of powder were shipped from the main tunnel works on the Potrero, and about ninety of them deposited in the mine. Early on the 4th November it was announced that at 9 o'clock a.m. the blast would be exploded. As soon as it was lighted, the powder was fired, and the signal was given to ignite the fuse. The fuse was lit, and smoke there was a regular Bull Run stampede down Vallejo street to Front, and down Sansome to Broadway, while the men on the top of the hill made a diversion in their own favour in the direction of North Beach. In five minutes the ground for a distance of a block from the mouth of the tunnel was cleared, and some deemed it prudent to stand even further than that from the blast.

In the space of about 25 minutes, there was a sudden lift of the earth, the precipitous slope of the mouth of the tunnel, and livid tongues of flame shot out in every direction, followed by dense volumes of smoke. There was but a slight report, but a storm of boulders flew from the face of the cliff, and a great mass of rock, weighing about thirty tons, was hurled through the window of the house of Mr. Price on Vallejo street, opposite the hay barn. It passed through a hall door, smashing the stair banisters, tore through the side of the house and lodged in the outer wall of an adjoining house occupied by Mr. Stewart, a native-born man, and fell near where the mouth of the tunnel had been. As the smoke cleared away the crowd rushed up to the spot to see what execution had been done. Vallejo street for the space of several rods below the mouth of the tunnel was strewn with stones and large boulders. A hay barn belonging to Mr. Chase, and standing about four rods from the blast, was riddled as if it had been under the fire of a battery. One of the men of rock, weighing about thirty tons, was hurled through the window of the house of Mr. Price on Vallejo street, opposite the hay barn. It passed through a hall door, smashing the stair banisters, tore through the side of the house and lodged in the outer wall of an adjoining house occupied by Mr. Stewart, a native-born man, and fell near where the mouth of the tunnel had been. As the smoke cleared away the crowd rushed up to the spot to see what execution had been done. Vallejo street for the space of several rods below the mouth of the tunnel was strewn with stones and large boulders. A hay barn belonging to Mr. Chase, and standing about four rods from the blast, was riddled as if it had been under the fire of a battery. 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RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

GREAT SOUTHERN, WESTERN, AND RICHMOND LINES.

DOWN TRAINS.

STATIONS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Sydney	6.45	8.36	9.10	10.12	11.12	12.12	2.0
Newtown	6.50	8.41	9.15	10.17	11.17	12.17	2.05
Petersham	7.00	8.51	9.25	10.27	11.27	12.27	2.10
Ashted	7.10	9.01	9.35	10.37	11.37	12.37	2.15
Burwood	7.20	9.11	9.45	10.47	11.47	12.47	2.20
Blacktown	7.30	9.21	9.55	10.57	11.57	12.57	2.25
Blacktown	7.40	9.31	10.05	11.07	12.07	1.07	2.30
Blacktown	7.50	9.41	10.15	11.17	12.17	1.17	2.35
Blacktown	8.00	9.51	10.25	11.27	12.27	1.27	2.40
Blacktown	8.10	10.01	10.35	11.37	12.37	1.37	2.45
Blacktown	8.20	10.11	10.45	11.47	12.47	1.47	2.50
Blacktown	8.30	10.21	10.55	11.57	12.57	1.57	2.55
Blacktown	8.40	10.31	11.05	12.07	1.07	2.07	3.00
Blacktown	8.50	10.41	11.15	12.17	1.17	2.17	3.05
Blacktown	9.00	10.51	11.25	12.27	1.27	2.27	3.10
Blacktown	9.10	11.01	11.35	12.37	1.37	2.37	3.15
Blacktown	9.20	11.11	11.45	12.47	1.47	2.47	3.20
Blacktown	9.30	11.21	11.55	12.57	1.57	2.57	3.25
Blacktown	9.40	11.31	12.05	1.07	2.07	3.07	3.30
Blacktown	9.50	11.41	12.15	1.17	2.17	3.17	3.35
Blacktown	10.00	11.51	12.25	1.27	2.27	3.27	3.40
Blacktown	10.10	12.01	12.35	1.37	2.37	3.37	3.45
Blacktown	10.20	12.11	12.45	1.47	2.47	3.47	3.50
Blacktown	10.30	12.21	12.55	1.57	2.57	3.57	3.55
Blacktown	10.40	12.31	1.05	2.07	3.07	4.07	4.00
Blacktown	10.50	12.41	1.15	2.17	3.17	4.17	4.05
Blacktown	11.00	12.51	1.25	2.27	3.27	4.27	4.10
Blacktown	11.10	1.01	1.35	2.37	3.37	4.37	4.15
Blacktown	11.20	1.11	1.45	2.47	3.47	4.47	4.20
Blacktown	11.30	1.21	1.55	2.57	3.57	4.57	4.25
Blacktown	11.40	1.31	2.05	3.07	4.07	5.07	4.30
Blacktown	11.50	1.41	2.15	3.17	4.17	5.17	4.35
Blacktown	12.00	1.51	2.25	3.27	4.27	5.27	4.40
Blacktown	12.10	2.01	2.35	3.37	4.37	5.37	4.45
Blacktown	12.20	2.11	2.45	3.47	4.47	5.47	4.50
Blacktown	12.30	2.21	2.55	3.57	4.57	5.57	4.55
Blacktown	12.40	2.31	3.05	4.07	5.07	6.07	5.00
Blacktown	12.50	2.41	3.15	4.17	5.17	6.17	5.05
Blacktown	1.00	2.51	3.25	4.27	5.27	6.27	5.10
Blacktown	1.10	3.01	3.35	4.37	5.37	6.37	5.15
Blacktown	1.20	3.11	3.45	4.47	5.47	6.47	5.20
Blacktown	1.30	3.21	3.55	4.57	5.57	6.57	5.25
Blacktown	1.40	3.31	4.05	5.07	6.07	7.07	5.30
Blacktown	1.50	3.41	4.15	5.17	6.17	7.17	5.35
Blacktown	2.00	3.51	4.25	5.27	6.27	7.27	5.40
Blacktown	2.10	4.01	4.35	5.37	6.37	7.37	5.45
Blacktown	2.20	4.11	4.45	5.47	6.47	7.47	5.50
Blacktown	2.30	4.21	4.55	5.57	6.57	7.57	5.55
Blacktown	2.40	4.31	5.05	6.07	7.07	8.07	6.00
Blacktown	2.50	4.41	5.15	6.17	7.17	8.17	6.05
Blacktown	3.00	4.51	5.25	6.27	7.27	8.27	6.10
Blacktown	3.10	5.01	5.35	6.37	7.37	8.37	6.15
Blacktown	3.20	5.11	5.45	6.47	7.47	8.47	6.20
Blacktown	3.30	5.21	5.55	6.57	7.57	8.57	6.25
Blacktown	3.40	5.31	6.05	7.07	8.07	9.07	6.30
Blacktown	3.50	5.41	6.15	7.17	8.17	9.17	6.35
Blacktown	4.00	5.51	6.25	7.27	8.27	9.27	6.40
Blacktown	4.10	6.01	6.35	7.37	8.37	9.37	6.45
Blacktown	4.20	6.11	6.45	7.47	8.47	9.47	6.50
Blacktown	4.30	6.21	6.55	7.57	8.57	9.57	6.55
Blacktown	4.40	6.31	7.05	8.07	9.07	10.07	7.00
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Blacktown	6.30	8.21	8.55	9.57	10.57	11.57	7.55
Blacktown	6.40	8.31	9.05	10.07	11.07	12.07	8.00
Blacktown	6.50	8.41	9.15	10.17	11.17	12.17	8.05
Blacktown	7.00	8.51	9.25	10.27	11.27	12.27	8.10
Blacktown	7.10	9.01	9.35	10.37	11.37	12.37	8.15
Blacktown	7.20	9.11	9.45	10.47	11.47	12.47	8.20
Blacktown	7.30	9.21	9.55	10.57	11.57	12.57	8.25
Blacktown	7.40	9.31	10.05	11.07	12.07	1.07	8.30
Blacktown	7.50	9.41	10.15	11.17	12.17	1.17	8.35
Blacktown	8.00	9.51	10.25	11.27	12.27	1.27	8.40
Blacktown	8.10	10.01	10.35	11.37	12.37	1.37	8.45
Blacktown	8.20	10.11	10.45	11.47	12.47	1.47	8.50
Blacktown	8.30	10.21	10.55	11.57	12.57	1.57	8.55
Blacktown	8.40	10.31	11.05	12.07	1.07	2.07	9.00
Blacktown	8.50	10.41	11.15	12.17	1.17	2.17	9.05
Blacktown	9.00	10.51	11.25	12.27	1.27	2.27	9.10
Blacktown	9.10	11.01	11.35	12.37	1.37	2.37	9.15
Blacktown	9.20	11.11	11.45	12.47	1.47	2.47	9.20
Blacktown	9.30	11.21	11.55	12.57	1.57	2.57	9.25
Blacktown	9.40	11.31	12.05	1.07	2.07	3.07	9.30
Blacktown	9.50	11.41	12.15	1.17	2.17	3.17	9.35
Blacktown	10.00	11.51	12.25	1.27	2.27	3.27	9.40
Blacktown	10.10	12.01	12.35	1.37	2.37	3.37	9.45
Blacktown	10.20	12.11	12.45	1.47	2.47	3.47	9.50
Blacktown	10.30	12.21	12.55	1.57	2.57	3.57	9.55
Blacktown	10.40	12.31	1.05	2.07	3.07	4.07	10.00
Blacktown	10.50	12.41	1.15	2.17	3.17	4.17	10.05
Blacktown	11.00	12.51	1.25	2.27	3.27	4.27	10.10
Blacktown	11.10	1.01	1.35	2.37	3.37	4.37	10.15
Blacktown	11.20	1.11	1.45	2.47	3.47	4.47	10.20
Blacktown	11.30	1.21	1.55	2.57	3.57	4.57	10.25
Blacktown	11.40	1.31	2.05	3.07	4.07	5.07	10.30
Blacktown	11.50	1.41	2.15	3.17	4.17	5.17	10.35
Blacktown	12.00	1.51	2.25	3.27	4.27	5.27	10.40
Blacktown	12.10	2.01	2.35	3.37	4.37	5.37	10.45
Blacktown	12.20	2.11	2.45	3.47	4.47	5.47	10.50
Blacktown	12.30	2.21	2.55	3.57	4.57	5.57	10.55
Blacktown	12.40	2.31	3.05	4.07	5.07	6.07	11.00
Blacktown	12.50	2.41	3.15	4.17	5.17	6.17	11.05
Blacktown	1.00	2.51	3.25	4.27	5.27	6.27	11.10
Blacktown	1.10	3.01	3.35	4.37	5.37	6.37	11.15
Blacktown	1.20	3.11	3.45	4.47	5.47	6.47	11.20
Blacktown	1.30	3.21	3.55	4.57	5.57	6.57	11.25
Blacktown	1.40	3.31	4.05	5.07	6.07	7.07	11.30
Blacktown	1.50	3.41	4.15	5.17	6.17	7.17	11.35
Blacktown	2.00	3.51	4.25	5.27	6.27	7.27	11.40
Blacktown	2.10	4.01	4.35	5.37	6.37	7.37	11.45
Blacktown	2.20	4.11	4.45	5.47	6.47	7.47	11.50
Blacktown	2.30	4.21	4.55	5.57	6.57	7.57	11.55
Blacktown	2.40	4.31	5.05	6.07	7.07	8.07	12.00
Blacktown	2.50	4.41	5.15	6.17	7.17	8.17	12.05
Blacktown	3.00	4.51	5.25	6.27	7.27	8.27	12.10
Blacktown	3.10	5.01	5.35	6.37	7.37	8.37	12.15
Blacktown	3.20	5.11	5.45	6.47	7.47	8.47	12.20
Blacktown	3.30	5.21	5.55	6.57	7.57	8.57	12.25
Blacktown	3.40	5.31	6.05	7.07	8.07	9.07	12.30
Blacktown	3.50	5.41	6.15	7.17	8.17	9.17	12.35
Blacktown	4.00	5.51	6.25	7.27	8.27	9.27	12.40
Blacktown	4.10	6.01	6.35	7.37	8.37	9.37	12.45
Blacktown	4.20	6.11	6.45	7.47	8.47	9.47	12.50
Blacktown	4.30	6.21	6.55	7.57	8.57	9.57	12.55
Blacktown	4.40	6.31	7.05	8.07	9.07	10.07	1.00
Blacktown	4.50	6.41	7.15	8.17	9.17	10.17	1.05
Blacktown	5.00	6.51	7.25	8.27	9.27	10.27	1.10
Blacktown	5.10	7.01	7.35	8.37	9.37	10.37	1.15
Blacktown	5.20	7.11	7.45	8.47	9.47	10.47	1.20
Blacktown	5.30	7.21	7.55	8.57	9.57	10.57	1.25
Blacktown	5.40	7.31	8.05	9.07	10.07	11.07	1.30
Blacktown	5.50	7.41	8.15	9.17	10.17	11.17	1.35
Blacktown	6.00	7.51	8.25	9.27	10.27	11.27	1.40
Blacktown	6.10	8.01	8.35	9.37	10.37	11.37	1.45
Blacktown	6.20	8.11	8.45	9.47	10.47	11.47	1.50
Blacktown	6.30	8.21	8.55	9.57	10.57	11.57	1.55
Blacktown	6.40	8.31	9.05	10.07	11.07	12.07	2.00
Blacktown	6.50	8.41	9.15	10.17	11.17	12.17	2.05
Blacktown	7.00	8.51	9.25	10.27	11.27	12.27	2.10
Blacktown	7.10	9.01	9.35	10.37	11.37	12.37	2.15
Blacktown	7.20	9.11	9.45	10.47	11.47	12.47	2.20
Blacktown	7.30	9.21	9.55	10.57	11.57	12.57	2.25
Blacktown	7.40	9.31	10.05	11.07	12.07	1.07	2.30
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Blacktown	8.00	9.51	10.25	11.27	12.27	1.27	2.40
Blacktown	8.10	10.01	10.35	11.37	12.37	1.37	2.45
Blacktown	8.20	10.11	10.45	11.47	12.47	1.47	2.50
Blacktown	8.30	10.21	10.55	11.57	12.57	1.57	

WANTED, a **WINE COOPER** and **Vine-dresser**, for a small vineyard near Sydney. **A** married man, with some colonial experience preferred.

APARTMENTS Vacant, with bathroom, at Belmont House, 68, Wynyard-square, opposite Post Office.

APARTMENTS, Furnished. 103, Crown-street, near William-street, Woolloomooloo.

APARTMENTS vacant, 5, Elgin-street, opposite Union Club. Plunge and shower baths.

APARTMENTS, with Board, for a Family or Gentleman. 5, Wyndham-square, Bath.

BALCONY ROOM, to suit one or two Gentlemen. Terms 6s. Board required. 346, Castlereagh-street, near Market-street, 2 doors from Sydney Arms.

BALCONY AND WINDOWS to LET for 6 months.

Apply before 10 o'clock, to T. W. Smart, Mon, 5th Jan-
A PARTMENTS Vacant, with bathroom, at Belmore House, 58, Wynyard-square, opposite Post Office.
A PARTMENTS, Furnished, 104, Crown-street, near William-street, Woolloomooloo.
A PARTMENTS vacant, 9, Bligh-street, opposite Union Club. Plunge and shower baths.
A PARTMENTS, with Board, for a Family or Gentleman, 6, Wynyard-square. Bath.
B ALCONY ROOM, to suit one or two Gentlemen, at Terms &c. Board if required, 246, Castlereagh-street, near Macquarie-street, near Sydney Arms.
B ALCONY and WINDOWS to Let for at Tuesday's Procession. Long's cottages, Bolton, Bath.
B OARD and Residence; baths, 157, Castlereagh-street, between Hunter and King streets.
B URWOOD. To LET, a neat VILLA RESIDENCE, 7 rooms, kitchen, pantry, servant's room. The out- ouses consist of two rooms, washhouse, coachhouse, and stable; also, two cottages, near Wynyard, Pitt-street.
C RESCENT HOUSE, Grosvenor-street. Board, &c., for a lady and gentleman. Apply from 3rd & 6.
C OMFORTABLE Furnished APARTMENTS vacant, private family, board optional, 176, Woolloomooloo-street.
L ARGE AIRY ROOM, furnished as Sitting and Bed-room, 28, Campbell-street, Haymarket.
M ANLY BEACH. New Sydney Hotel. APARTMENTS vacant. E. Lloyd, Proprietress.
M ACQUARIE-STREET ROOM. Furnished Apart-

NORTH SHORE—COTTAGE to LET, four rooms, ex. D. Eldridge, grocer, Mill-street.

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL to LET, adjoining the Theatre, in Castleburgh-street. For particulars apply to Mr. Hilly, architect, Pitt-street.

REGBENTVILLE ESTATE, Penrith, within one mile of Railway Station.—FARMS to be Let and for Sale. Apply to Richardson and Wrench, 142, Pitt-street, Sydney.

TO LET, those Three first class SHOPS, near Christ Church—low rent. J. R. Whiting, 3, Hunter-st.

TO LET, SAIL MILL and WHARF, foot of Bathurst-street. Apply Anchor Flour Mills.

TO LET, a HOUSE, with 6 rooms and kitchen, Swiss-terrace, Brisbane-st. Inquire 422, Mac-jurist-st.

TO LET, in William-street, upper end, a SHOP, suitable for the boot and shoe trade. J. Slade, Darlinghurst.

TO LET, 2 new HOUSES, each 4 apartments, near Colgate, Paddington. Apply 92, South Head Road.

TO LET, GAYNDAH COTTAGE, Underwood-st., Paddington, 5 rooms, paddock, &c. Apply next door.

TO LET, HOUSE, 2 rooms, kitchen, view of harbor, Cumberland-street. Challenger, gunmaker, King-st.

TO LET, at Pyrmont, a beautifully situated HOUSE, six apartments. J. Moyes, grocer.

TO LET, a pleasantly-situated 7-roomed HOUSE, West-street, Darlinghurst. J. Penson, 361, Pitt-st.

TO LET, a six-roomed HOUSE, Corben's-terrace, Riley-street, Surry Hills.

TO LET, Half a SHOP, in a most central situation. Apply 349, George-street, between King and Barrack streets.

TO LET, SAW MILL and WHARF, foot of Anchor Road, Sydney. Apply to Joseph Weems, Anchor Road, Mill.

TO LET, that commodious Family RESIDENCE, at Double Bay, known as Bayview Villa. Apply to Irwin and Turner, 17, Bell's-chambers, Pitt-street.

TO LET, AILSA HOUSE, Randwick, suitable for a large family or boarding-school. Apply to Leamonds, Dickinson, and Co., 4, Charlotte-place.

TO LET, CHEPPENDEALE'S STEAM FLOUR MILL.

TO LET, in good working order, and at present in the occupation of J. Pennell, Esq. Apply to John Williamson, 105, St. John's-street, E.C.4.

TO LET, HOUSE, 627, Kent-street: seven rooms, kitchen, bath, coalers, and spacious verandah. Water laid on; rent, 26s. Apply on the premises, or at 83, Lower George-st.

TO LET, at Petersham, a COTTAGE Residence, with garden and about 30 acres of LAND, about five minutes' walk from the railway station and 'bus stand. Apply 117, Bathurst-street.

TO LET, on the Missenden Road, Newtown, a four-roomed HOUSE, with kitchen and good supply of water. Apply to Mrs. Cowell, Pitt and Goulburn streets.

FINO LET Piccadilly. Business Premises. 308 018

T 220, Pitt-st.; shops 60 feet long, with back skylight and stores; suitable for wholesale or retail; rent moderate. Keys at 216. Mr. Uther, 467, Crown-street, Surry Hills.

T **TO BE LET or SOLD**, that beautifully situated **VILLA** on the Parramatta River, opposite Ryde, the residence of the late Sir John Jamieson, with orchard and about ten acres of land. The dwelling is a large detached residence, with kitchen, pantry, dry store, and dairy. The outbuildings consist of laundry, coachhouse, stable, man's room, &c. Apply to Allen, Bowden, and Allen, Elizabeth-street; or to the Auctioneers.

T **TO LET**, a semi-detached suburban RESIDENCE, situated on the South Head Road, between Paddington and Waverley, containing eight apartments, with garden, back and front; water and rates paid. Omnibuses passing to and fro throughout the day; unquestionably one of the best places in the city.

WORKING MEN'S HOUSES, 7s per week. Belmore-place, Castleburgh-castle, near Liverpool-st.

NOTICE.—Advertisements intended for publication in **Monday's issue of this journal** must be left at the office before 11 p.m. on **SATURDAY**. No advertisements will be received on **SUNDAY**.

JOHN FAIRFAX AND SONS.

GENERAL NOTICE.—The Agents of this Journal in various parts of the colony are as follows:—

WESTERN.

Bathurst, Buckley, Molong, Camowindra, Kelso, Park, Bickley, Mownd Flat, and O'Connell Plains—**MR. C. W. CRACK.**

Cowara—Mr. George Rowlands, jun.
Coocra—Mr. R. N. M'Diarmid
Bowenfels and Lintlog—Mr. J. Larter
Hartley and Little—Mr. John Maurice Lynch
Orange and Lucknow—Mr. James Dale
Wellington, Montecitorio, and Ironbarks—Mr. R. A. Stace
Mudgee, Ryabston, Ayrfield, Louisa Creek, Winderay,
Long Creek, Hargraves and Munderoo—Mr. John
Dickson
Sofala—Mr. W. Walker
Dubbo—Mr. William Killick
Ryde—Mr. G. Pope.

SOUTHERN.

Albury—Mr. S. Mudge
Camden, Narrelean, Burrageang, and the Oaks—Mr. E.
Simpson, Camden
Goulburn, Marulan, Collector, and Bungonia—Mr. Robert

Yass, Binalong, Gunning, Murrumburrab, and Jugiong—
Mr. James P. Ritchie
Braidwood, Araluen, and Nelligen—Mr. A. V. Vider
Burrows—Mr. John Hurley
Gundagai and Tarcutta—Mr. Michael Norton
Wollongong and Dapto—Mr. George Hewlett
Kinnia, Jerrigong, and Jamboeroo—Mr. Thomas J. Fuller
Moruya, Bodalla, Nerrigundah, Mullenderee, and Brungle
—Mr. Oliver Lodge
Shoalhaven, Mr. R. H. Kemp
Cootna, Nimitybelle—Mr. David Bell, storekeeper, Nimity-
belle
Bomblah, Eden, Bega, Deleagle, Merimbah, and Pambula
—Mr. A. G. Flavell
Bungendore—Mr. G. C. Lenehan
Wagga Wagga and Maronggo—Mr. J. J. M'Carron
Adelong and Tumut—Mr. Andrew Smith, jun., Ad. Long.

NORTHERN.

Hinton, Hesham, Wollombi, Seaham, Largs, Miller's
Forest, and Black rock—Mr. B. Blair
Dungog and Clarence Town—Mr. Hanna
Arncliffe—Mr. L. Bradshaw
Singleton and Grestford—Mr. W. Thomas
Singleton and Jerry's Plains—Mr. William Meay
Murrumbidgee—Mr. H. H. McCool
Narrarunga, Quirindi, and Warialda—Mr. Alexander
Brodie
Tanworth—Mr. P. J. Coghlan
Rocky River, Camden, and Bendersmead—Mr. J. K. O'Connell
Postmansburg, Braidwood
Scone and Blamford—Mr. F. F. Asser
Port Macquarie—Mrs. H. Tabor
Kempsey, Macleay River—Mr. Otto Dangar
Cumberland, Wingham, and Timmer, Manning
River—Mr. Henry John Cornish

Richmond River—Mr. E. Rose, Postmaster, Ballina
Tenterden—
Clarence River—North and South Grafton, Lawrence, and
Tumby Bay—Thames Fishery.

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Births, Deaths, and Marriages, &c. each insertion.
* * * * * In the country can remit payment by
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will not be accepted.

PRINTED and published by JOHN FAIRBAIR and SON,
at the Office of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Pitt and Market
streets, Monday, January 27, 1902.

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page14>